

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.  
Le Marias Du Cygne.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The message of unarm'd and unoffending  
men in Southern Kansas, took place near the  
Marias du Cygne of the voyagers.

A blush as of roses  
Where rose never grew!  
Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
But not of the dew!  
A faint in the sweet air  
For wild bees to hum,  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun!

Black, steed of the prairie!  
Sweet song, lord, thy back!  
Wheel hither, had vulture!  
Gray wolf, call thy pack!  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fed!  
The wolves of the Border  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,  
The fields of their corn,  
Unarm'd and unoffending,  
The victims were slain,  
By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, red-fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

With vain plea for mercy  
No stout knee was crook'd;  
In the mouths of the rifles  
Right manly they look'd.  
How pale the May sunshine,  
Green Marias du Cygne,  
When the death-smoke blew over  
Thy lonely ravine!

In the homes of their rearings,  
Yet warm with their lives,  
Yet wait the dead only  
Put children and wives!  
The smith shall not come;  
Unhook the broken oxen,  
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
O dreary death-train,  
With pressed lips as bloodless  
As lips of the dead,  
Kiss down the young eye-lids,  
Smooth down the gray hairs;  
Let tears quench the curses  
That burn through your prayers.

Strong men of the prairies,  
Mourn bitter and wild,  
Wail desolate women!  
Weep fatherless child!  
But the grain of God springs up  
From the seed of the dead,  
And the crown of His harvest  
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
The shade moves along  
To point the great contrasts  
Of right and of wrong;  
Free homes and free altars,  
And fields of ripe food;  
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
Whose bloom is of blood.

On the hills of Kansas  
That blood shall not dry;  
Henceforth the Bad Angel  
Shall be banished by  
Henceforth to the sunset  
Uncheck'd on her way,  
Shall Liberty follow  
The march of the day.

Miscellaneous.

From Godey's Lady's Book for November.  
Friendship Endangered.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was the scene and hour for confidence.

The hazy twilight of a damp, warm summer day was creeping in with its cooling breath at the window of the "girls' room," one of the coziest prettiest apartments that ever graced a country seat; and near the window, seated one in the deep arm-chair, the other on a pile of cushions on the floor, were the girls—two as bright, sunny-faced, lovable specimens of the class as ever vowed eternal friendship, or exchanged kind confidences. The one on the floor, half sitting, half lying in her luxurious nest of cushions, was a graceful brunette, with large, soft black eyes, and a profusion of the darkest brown hair, just verging on black. The other was a tall blonde, with soft golden tresses, and large blue eyes; and to finish the introduction in due form, the one in the chair was Miss Mena Lee; the other, Miss Martha Harris. And now, having drawn up the curtain, set the scene, and introduced the characters, let the latter speak for themselves.

"I am glad you like our room," said Martha. "When auntie first told me you were coming, she was going to put you in the spare room; but I petitioned for you to come in here with me, unless you objected very seriously."

"I could not be better pleased," was the cordial reply. "I am a sad coward about sleeping alone, though I have done so for years. I never had a sister, and my parents died when I was a baby."

"As mine did. We must be sisters to each other, dear Mena."

The fair-haired girl bent down, with an earnest look on her face, and a loving light in her eyes to seal the contract with a warm kiss and embrace.

"And now," said Martha, "let us commence our relationship by knowing something about each other. I am the hostess; so I will tell you my story first."

"As you came so unexpectedly to-day to find me sole occupant of the premises, I will tell you first of the people here—Uncle George is an old gentleman who can be described in one word—lovable—He has the kindest heart, the sweetest smile, the most cherishing voice, and the heartiest laugh I ever heard. I don't think a hard spoked a harsh word, or thought a hard judgment in his life. Aunt Mary is the dearest little bit of a blue-eyed angel that ever made a good man happy. Rupert, their only child, is now about twenty-three; tall, rather handsome, with a noble stock of talents, a frank, generous nature, and his father's kind love for all mankind. I come next. I am inaccurate in calling Mr. Lloyd my uncle; he is really not related to me. His father married twice; Uncle George is the son of the first wife, and was a widow with one child—my mother—At the time she married Uncle George's father, I have heard from members of the family of the devoted love between my mother and Uncle George; and when I was left an orphan six months old, Aunt Mary took me to her heart and home, and I have never felt the loss of either parent."

"Then Mr. Lloyd is in a measure your guardian, as he is mine. He takes care of my property, does he not?"

"A heavy charge!" said Martha, laughing heartily. "Why, Mena, two pennies would outweigh all the property I have in the world, yet I have never had a wish ungratified, or a whim crossed. And now tell me about yourself."

"There is but little to tell. When my father died, he left Mr. Willis and Mr. Lloyd my guardians, and they put me at a boarding-school. Last month Mr. Willis died, and Mr. Lloyd wrote to my teacher to send me here, when my term was over. That is all."

But as the evening came on the flow of talk became more earnest. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd had gone into the city to transact some business, and were not expected home until morning, and Rupert was away on a shooting excursion; so there was nothing to break in on the long conversation. As the twilight deepened, and the night shadows stole more thickly into the room, Mena slid from her chair to share Martha's impromptu couch; and so, locked in each other's arms, these two warm-hearted girls, full of loving impulses, with no thoughts to conceal, no secrets to restrain, opened their hearts to each other. It was but a trifling record to repeat stories of school life, of glimpses into the great world of society, of favorite studies and pet authors, of dear delicious hours in country rambles, or blushing confessions at attempted poetry, or "some time to be seen" stories, suggested by this or that incident met on the highway of their quiet lives. But little for other ears to hear, but who is there that cannot recall some hour of such entire confidence, when dear hands clasped each other fast, and the magnetism of entire friendship opened wide the portals of the heart.

Of course, in such confidential chat, it was but natural for Martha to allude frequently to her cousin, Rupert. Lloyd, the companion of her whole young life. From the hour when he had been allowed to make her a cradle of his boyish arms, he had been her protector, brother, companion, and nurse. His was the task to guide her baby footsteps, his the hand to teach her later to control her horse, his arm her support in all arduous walks, his voice ever ready to sympathize in all her joys and sorrows, and with the earnest zeal of a sister for a dearly loved brother, she described his every grace and virtue, till Mena's full share of interest was aroused to see and admire this hero of Martha's affections.

The night had gone past its moon before the young girls went to bed, and early morning found them up and sharing the pleasant labor of making ready for Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's return. The dower vases were to be refilled with fresh flowers, an extra dinner to be ordered, and dessert prepared by Martha's nimble fingers, and a thousand little dainty devices contrived to make the breakfast cheerful and homelike. Then fresh bright dresses and smooth hair and the girls were ready for the arrival of the host and hostess.

When Uncle George's kind, cordial voice bade her welcome, and Aunt Mary gave her a gentle motherly caress, and both passed out their earned, loving desire to have her take her comfortable home, felt that she had indeed found a home.

Her soft eyes were full of grateful tears as she shared the "good night" kiss of her kind hosts, with Martha; and the talk that night was full of the kindness of both uncle and aunt. Martha's many stories of the loving care that had made her home so pleasant since her infancy were readily recalled, and Mena's first impressions were as enthusiastic and warm as even the exacting love of Martha could desire.

It was not until she had been domesticated in her new home for nearly a fortnight that Mena first saw Rupert. During that time she had been winning with her gentle loving manner, her sweet low voice, and ready yet modest intelligence, the love of all. Uncle George insisted upon having from her lips the same tale that Martha gave him, and Aunt Mary claimed the same privilege.

The days passed pleasantly in rambles, rides, music, reading, and the thousand little devices women always have ready in needlessness to pass long summer days. The love that began so auspiciously on the night of Mena's arrival, still drew her affection to Martha to meet a warm return. They were inseparable, sharing the same room, interested in the same pursuits; from the hour when they bade each other "good-morning" till they slept locked in each other's arms, their days were passed in sweet intercourse. There was sufficient contrast in their disposition to keep this love ever warm, and prevent any jar.

Martha, active, energetic, and impulsive, seemed the stronger nature of the two, and took the lead in even their most trifling pursuits; while the clinging fondness, the gentle submissiveness of Mena's character turned ever to her stronger companion for guidance and support.

They were in the parlor together, about two weeks after Mena's arrival, with no light but the silver flood the moon poured in at the open window. Mena was at the piano, while Martha sat half hidden among the folds of the window curtain. Mena was playing one of Grellmann's Nocturnes, with a movement that suited the hour. The notes trickled from her fingers' touch as water ripples over the stones in a brook, and rose and fell in waves of melody. They had been seated there for nearly an hour, when Mena felt a pair of strong arms clasp her waist, and before she had time to cry out, a mouth brushed her cheek, and a warm kiss was printed on her lips. With quick indignation she sprang to her feet, pushing the intruder from her, with a force her slight form seemed scarcely capable of.

"Why, Mena, what's the matter?" The hearty merry voice, half laughing was full of surprise.

"Mattie here, Rupert."

He turned to the window, with a quick gesture; but instantly returning, said—"How can I apologize?"

"It is not necessary; I see the error," said Mena; but her quick breathing and trembling figure showed how she had been startled.

"And this is Mena Lee, Rupert, my newly found sister," said Martha.

"Mine then as well, if she can forgive my rudeness," he said, extending his hand to clasp hers with a cordial pressure.

"Look out in future for the difference between fair hair and dark," said Martha, "and Mena will no longer obtain my caresses."

"Where's mother?"

"The true boy question!" said Mrs. Lloyd from the inner room that opened on the parlor. "Mother's here, and father too. Come in, all of you, and hear our runaway give an account of his visit."

It was an account full of racy, sparkling interest. Stories of adventure by field and flood in search of game, all told with a lively grace that made the meanest words interesting. The tall, lithe figure in the rough dress suited his late pursuits, graceful and animated, the dark eyes flashing, the white teeth gleaming as the handsome mouth poured out its fund of words, and the half-saucy, half-modest consciousness of being the hero of his own tales, all made Rupert very fascinating to the lonely orphan who had never before been in familiar intercourse with a gentleman; her only idea of the sex being confined to the white-gloved youngsters she had met at the boarding-school parties, or the teachers of the institute. It was no wonder she was pleased with this long-expected hero, whose gentlemanly language and refined manners toned down his rough dress, and gave a grace to his wildest story of adventure.

This was the first evening. All day, his holiday being over, Rupert was in town in a lawyer's office, where he was junior partner; but in the evening he invariably sought his sisters' rooms, to clear all the cobwebs from his brain.

Music, conversation, company made these evenings the pleasant hours of the day to both Mena and Martha; but while to the latter they were but the resuming of a regular routine, to the former they were a delightful and dangerous novelty.

Talking nothing of such danger, without the most distant idea of flirting, Rupert was to her a courteous, tender brother. As he treated Martha, so he began to treat this new sister; and as one shared his thoughts, so the other, too, soon became his confidante, sought for as every new device for enjoyment came to his mind, protected with the gentlest constraint, and made a centre for every kindness. Both Rupert and Martha strove every device to make the stranger feel her new residence indeed a home.

Unknown to herself, unsuspected by her companions, Mena was giving to Rupert the first love of her untutored heart, learning to feel his presence the sunshine of her life, his approval her surest guide, his affection her kindest pleasure. With such brotherly intercourse as this, there came no thought of jealousy to either Mena or Martha; both thought they regarded him as a brother, and he as blithely thought they were to him dear sisters—nothing more.

Two years passed, with their ever-varying panorama of pleasure and pain, and then a cloud gathered over this family, before so happy. Uncle George, the tender husband, the kind father and uncle, the placid gentleman, became slowly but fatally altered. He absented himself from home for a whole day at a time—a thing, as he had years before retired from active business, that grew alarming as it became more frequently repeated. In the evening, returning from such absence, he was morose and sometimes even violent, angrily resenting any inquiry as to his business, and electing instantly any allusion to his absence. From looking with impatience for pleasant evenings, the family grew to dread them as the time of restraint and fear. One night he did not return. After waiting until midnight Rupert sought him in the city. His first inquiry was at the office of his father's lawyer, and there he found his father's corpse—a suicide! There was no time for an explanation; the fatal news was to be carried home, the wife's wild grief smothered, the whole burden of comforter to the three mourning women resting on Rupert's hands. His must be the head to keep clear for all arrangements, his the voice to direct, the mind to thrust out its own stunning weight of pain, and support the new burden of responsibility.

It was not until the funeral was over, and the house restored to that dreary quiet that follows a great shock, that Rupert again went to the lawyer's office.

"My task," said the old man, kindly, "is the most painful one of my life. I have known and loved you from a boy. Rupert, and your father was dear to me as a brother, yet I must—"

He made a long, long pause, while the young man waited, not daring to break the silence that was numbing him in its chilling horror. "Your father, Rupert, about two years ago, became interested in the new, absorbing speculations in western lands, and against my most earnest advice, plunged blindly into buying on a scale his income would not justify. I did not know until the day he died that he had invested Miss Lee's money as well as his own in this hazardous investment; but he came here, mad with the intelligence that his stock upon which he was building most sanguine hopes was worthless. He confessed to me his falsity as guardian, and declaring himself unable to bear the shame and burden of his sin, stabbed himself here at my side. Your mother's property makes her independent, and you have your profession; your Cousin Martha will have something from your mother's will, and no doubt a home for life; Miss Lee is beggared."

Rupert tried to speak, but his voice was choked, and his parched lips refused to make a sound.

"Rupert, I am going to take a liberty that only your father's oldest friend may dare to take, when I advise you to marry Mena Lee."

A cry of pain burst from Rupert's lips.

"I know," the old man said, and his voice was tender as a woman's, "this

sounds cruel and abrupt so soon after your great loss and my painful disclosures; but I know, too, it will be the dearest object of your life to keep your father's error a secret between you and myself. When your Uncle John dies, you are the heir to his property, and can replace Miss Lee's. Until then, unless you support her, she is penniless."

"But she can live at home with my mother, and I will pay every penny at her feet."

"She would not accept it; and your utmost efforts could not earn the income to which she is entitled. After she is your wife, you can tell her why she is poorer, and I leave you to judge whether she is likely to love you less when she knows you have married a beggar instead of an heiress."

"But—"

Rupert paused; that confidence just on his lips was too sacred to pass their portals. Suddenly, by the light of this new call upon him, he read truly his own heart—he loved Martha! And she—ah! he dared not now think of the thousand little acts he would once have recalled as proofs that he did not love in vain. All her sweet confidence, her thousand winning ways, might be but the outpouring of her sisterly affection, they might mean—He tore himself shuddering from the thought.

He was young, enthusiastic, devotedly attached to his father, with an affectionate brotherly love for Mena; he was urged on by what seemed duty, the advice of the man second only to his father in his heart, and by his own keen sense of honor. What wonder then that he persuaded himself that he could learn to love (the very phrase mocked him) and learn to love, to forget. Then and there, with his friend's encouraging voice in his ear, he wrote to Mena.

She was sitting in the library, thinking over the sad events of the past few days, and trying to form some plan for her own future. Martha was in her aunt's room, giving some directions about the mourning to be made, and trying to rouse the widow from her apathy of sorrow. When the servant opened the door to hand Mena the letter, she was thinking so intently of Rupert's grief and Rupert's loss that the envelope directed in his hand seemed only following out her train of thought. She opened and read it.

One short week ago every chord of her heart would have thrilled with rapture at the prospect of being Rupert's wife; but now the note chilled, half frightened her; it was a cold, formal offer of his hand, with but few words of affection, and those seemed forced. It was not even in the warm, brotherly style of his usual intercourse with her, and she sat, pained, wondering, and full of vague sorrow, looking forward with eyes full of sad, questioning wonder.

"Mena!"

Martha was beside her, holding in her hand the envelope she had just thrown aside. For the first time in all their long intercourse the friends met with the chill of restraint between them.

"Mena, why does Rupert write to you, when he sees you constantly? Mena—oh, the agony of the tone! 'There is no new trouble!'"

"Oh, no, Martha! Rupert wrote to me, and the forming of the words turned their vague pain to pleasure—to ask me to be his wife."

"Today! so soon! His father scarcely died in his grave! Rupert!"

Then, as the full sense of the words came into her heart, then she, too, learned that her adopted cousin was dearer than a brother, that she, too, loved him.

It was a bitter, bitter day. Rupert bowed down under the weight of his knowledge of his father's sin; Martha vainly trying to make her woman's pride cover her woman's love; Mena, with the keen intuition of love, reading the constraint of Rupert's restrained attentions.

Three long weary months passed, and still the cloud of restraint hung over all these young hearts. The warm, loving words that had become habitual between the girls were changed for commonplace sentences necessary between inmates of the same room and house, while Mena grew daily more troubled and puzzled over Rupert's behavior.

She could find no fault. He was attentive beyond the requirements of even a lover. Every hour at home was passed by her side, while he avoided Martha as studiously as she avoided him. Yet he was no joyous lover. Even his father's death could not account for the gloom that grew every day deeper; the pale cheeks that were becoming so thin and wan; the tone of sadness that even marked his tenderest words to her. If he pressed his lips to hers it was with the tender, self-reproachful pressure of one craving pardon for some offence, and his caress was as protecting as it was loving.

She was lying on the parlor sofa, half dozing, when the enigma was solved—Mrs. Lloyd was in the inner room, reading and Martha had gone to her room when Rupert came in.

"You are late, my son," his mother said, as he sat down on a low stool at her feet to caress her hand; "the girls have gone to bed."

Mena lay still, half dozing. She could not escape except by passing through the room where the mother and son were seated, and she was slowly learning not to seek Rupert's presence. From some anxious questions Mrs. Lloyd put to her son, some comment on his pallid face, some motherly pleading for confidence, the whole story came from Rupert's lips. He had learned that day that his mother must know of his father's sin before long, and he had voluntarily undertaken to tell her all. From that to his own part in the sad affair, his own love, his more than suspicion of Martha's, all came from his overburdened heart to his mother's sympathizing ears, and to the involuntary listener, who heard her heart's death-rapt, from those pale impassioned lips.

Now we are right over Oldtown, exactly two o'clock. At that rate we must be travelling sixteen miles an hour. And now, boys, let's give them a song. We got up one for the occasion, and sing. The "Star Spangled Banner" is waited through the air, as we go sailing along.

The blow proved too much for the widow. Before Mena could tell Rupert know of her resolve to release him, she was called to assist in caring for Mrs. Lloyd, sinking rapidly into a dangerous state of prostration from which she never rallied.

Again we see the friends in the room where we were first introduced them. The winter winds are sweeping round the house, and in the place of the soft white raiment of summer both wear deep mourning garments, and sit far apart—one near the window, the other by the fire. Mena was the first to speak. Leaving the seat near the window, she came to Martha's side, and bent over her in the old caressing way.

"Mattie, we are drifting away from each other day by day, till the old love is dying out of our hearts, and now, when I have my hardest burden to bear, I have no friend to whom I can go for a word of sympathy, no voice to comfort me."

"What sorrow can you have?" Mattie's voice was cold and hard.

"Rupert and I have broken our engagement. He does not love me—Mena! look up, he loves you, and I am breaking my own heart to give him to you."

The ice barrier was broken. The fast pouring tears from Mena's eyes fell on Martha's bosom as she pressed closely to her, and looked, as of old, in each other's arms—again the young girls exchanged confidences. All the story that Mena had heard she told Martha, that she might know how loving and loyal, how self-sacrificing and noble Rupert had been. She made no secret of her own love, only imploring Martha to help her in her resolve to conquer it.

Two years later, when Uncle John died, and Rupert replaced his father's position as teacher to again make her home with the sister she loved; the brother, for whom she had now the affection he craved, came back to the happiest home, the most loving couple, and the warmest welcome that the world could produce.

From the Bangor papers.  
Prof. King's Account of the Balloon Excursion.

A six days' passage from Bangor to the centre of the British Provinces in a balloon, is, perhaps, a trip worth talking about, although it is very seldom indeed that so lengthy a voyage is made by the way of the clouds. To us it was especially interesting, and no part of it was more so, perhaps, than the great wilderness over which we passed on our way.

The Balloon with which the ascension was made is the largest now in use in America, having a surface of one thousand square yards and a capacity of upwards of fifty thousand cubic feet. The gas was furnished by the Bangor Gas Light Company through their mains.

It was generally understood, that if possible, a few ascensions would be made by means of a rope and winches, and with the view of gratifying some who desired it, three short trips were made previous to the grand ascension, which seemed to greatly enjoyed by all the passengers.

About one o'clock preparations were made for the final ascent, and, according to previous arrangement, Captain Charles Sanford, Timothy Field, Esq., Mr. R. G. Gery and myself stepped into and occupied the car. Provision was made for a long voyage, camping out in the woods, getting benumbed over the forest, or any other unforeseen necessity that might occur. We had a variety of good things, but the most notable was a certain cold one that we tried to make a lunch on sometime while in the air, and which some of the party insisted was the identical one that crowded when Peter denied his master.

Our excursion was not for scientific purposes and therefore, the instruments we carried were simply a number of green glass generators, for the purpose of obtaining a little extra gas, and keeping the party high when the balloon showed a tendency to descend.

At about a quarter past one o'clock we cut the rope and started on our airy flight. Could we have been weighed at this time, it would have been found, perhaps, that the balloon, sand, and passengers weighed about 10 pounds less than nothing! The first move was to see that the meeting-house steeple didn't run into us and smash up things, then a grand "hip, hip, hurra!" at the top of our voices; then to mount into the hoop and unfurl the streamers of "tell-tale," by which we can discover in a moment whether the balloon was rising or falling. What are the boys saying down in the basket? Make room and let me down amongst you. I find them endeavoring to ascertain the state of our feelings. One says, "I don't feel any dizziness, do you?" and the answers, "No! there don't seem to be anything to be afraid of." Not at all. We feel just as comfortable as at home, only more so.

But isn't this grand! What an immense view we get! See where we started from? The people can only be seen where they stand in crowds. What village is this ahead? That's Vezie, and there is Oronto and Oldtown; and look! there's Mount Katahdin; and see the ponds, lakes, and rivers! Mind that one! Did you ever see anything so crooked in all your life? To say it is crooked as a snake's windings, gives but a feeble idea of it! That must be Passadunking river.

Now we are right over Oldtown, exactly two o'clock. At that rate we must be travelling sixteen miles an hour. And now, boys, let's give them a song. We got up one for the occasion, and sing. The "Star Spangled Banner" is waited through the air, as we go sailing along.

Now let us have the generators, and then hurray for, and good bye to, Oldtown. At this point the balloon had fallen to the earth; so we must throw out some sand and go higher still, sailing in a north-easterly direction. Look at those extensive meadows, dotted all over with haystacks. Does it not look strange? How long a time we are in passing over them—and when passed, we think an aeronaut would have a poor chance for alighting, if his stock of ballast was very limited, for woods and lakes predominate in every direction.

How beautiful the woods appear, even at the height we have now attained—something over a mile. The sombre evergreen, relieved by the gray colors produced by Autumn's frosts. But see, says one, those three hills ahead, what can they be, when all except those at a great distance appear level as a plain, though they appear so small, that seemingly one might walk over them in a few moments? Still, from comparison, we believe them to be something more, and they finally prove to be the Passadunking Mountains. Out with more ballast, we must go higher and pass the mountains. Our course continues the same till in the neighborhood of Lee. There we reached an altitude of nearly two miles and a half, striking a current of air that caused us to turn a sharp corner and take a south-easterly course. This took us over Sissanoosis Lake and Grand Lake, and so many other lakes that we could not count them.

About this time it seemed necessary to again bring into requisition the green glass rotors, as much gas had been unnecessarily wasted beneath the balloon after the various roots through which so much aeriform fluid had escaped were for the time effectually closed by various slices of cold chicken, lamb, tongue, chickens, doganets, &c.

While we are taking our luncheon let us look back towards Bangor. We can still see where the city should be, but city and country have all mingled together in the misty distance. Not so with the Penobscot River. This gives us a landmark as far as the eye can reach, for through the smoky haze, high up towards the horizon, old Sol's rays come to us as a beam, making the water appear more splendid than an equal surface of the richest gold. Now let the eyes drop a little. The golden haze gradually fades away, until the ponds in our vicinity look like polished silver mirrors. These immediately beneath us, however, reflect no light to us from their surfaces, and for this reason the bottoms of these can be distinctly seen. The lunch being disposed of, the generators were once more inventoried.

Now, although we could by aid of the compass ascertain our course very nicely; yet the upper current of air moved so much faster than the lower ones, that we soon became bewildered in such a wilderness of clouds. To us it was especially interesting, and no part of it was more so, perhaps, than the great wilderness over which we passed on our way.

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Now, although we could by aid of the compass ascertain our course very nicely; yet the upper current of air moved so much faster than the lower ones, that we soon became bewildered in such a wilderness of clouds. To us it was especially interesting, and no part of it was more so, perhaps, than the great wilderness over which we passed on our way.

The Balloon with which the ascension was made is the largest now in use in America, having a surface of one thousand square yards and a capacity of upwards of fifty thousand cubic feet. The gas was furnished by the Bangor Gas Light Company through their mains.

It was generally understood, that if possible, a few ascensions would be made by means of a rope and winches, and with the view of gratifying some who desired it, three short trips were made previous to the grand ascension, which seemed to greatly enjoyed by all the passengers.

About one o'clock preparations were made for the final ascent, and, according to previous arrangement, Captain Charles Sanford, Timothy Field, Esq., Mr. R. G. Gery and myself stepped into and occupied the car. Provision was made for a long voyage, camping out in the woods, getting benumbed over the forest, or any other unforeseen necessity that might occur. We had a variety of good things, but the most notable was a certain cold one that we tried to make a lunch on sometime while in the air, and which some of the party insisted was the identical one that crowded when Peter denied his master.

Our excursion was not for scientific purposes and therefore, the instruments we carried were simply a number of green glass generators, for the purpose of obtaining a little extra gas, and keeping the party high when the balloon showed a tendency to descend.

At about a quarter past one o'clock we cut the rope and started on our airy flight. Could we have been weighed at this time, it would have been found, perhaps, that the balloon, sand, and passengers weighed about 10 pounds less than nothing! The first move was to see that the meeting-house steeple didn't run into us and smash up things, then a grand "hip, hip, hurra!" at the top of our voices; then to mount into the hoop and unfurl the streamers of "tell-tale," by which we can discover in a moment whether the balloon was rising or falling. What are the boys saying down in the basket? Make room and let me down amongst you. I find them endeavoring to ascertain the state of our feelings. One says, "I don't feel any dizziness, do you?" and the answers, "No! there don't seem to be anything to be afraid of." Not at all. We feel just as comfortable as at home, only more so.

But isn't this grand! What an immense view we get! See where we started from? The people can only be seen where they stand in crowds. What village is this ahead? That's Vezie, and there is Oronto and Oldtown; and look! there's Mount Katahdin; and see the ponds, lakes, and rivers! Mind that one! Did you ever see anything so crooked in all your life? To say it is crooked as a snake's windings, gives but a feeble idea of it! That must be Passadunking river.

Now we are right over Oldtown, exactly two o'clock. At that rate we must be travelling sixteen miles an hour. And now, boys, let's give them a song. We got up one for the occasion, and sing. The "Star Spangled Banner" is waited through the air, as we go sailing along.

Now let us have the generators, and then hurray for, and good bye to, Oldtown. At this point the balloon had fallen to the earth; so we must throw out some sand and go higher still, sailing in a north-easterly direction. Look at those extensive meadows, dotted all over with haystacks. Does it not look strange? How long a time we are in passing over them—and when passed, we think an aeronaut would have a poor chance for alighting, if his stock of ballast was very limited, for woods and lakes predominate in every direction.

How beautiful the woods appear, even at the height we have now attained—something over a mile. The sombre evergreen, relieved by the gray colors produced by Autumn's frosts. But see, says one, those three hills ahead, what can they be, when all except those at a great distance appear level as a plain, though they appear so small, that seemingly one might walk over them in a few moments? Still, from comparison, we believe them to be something more, and they finally prove to be the Passadunking Mountains. Out with more ballast, we must go higher and pass the mountains. Our course continues the same till in the neighborhood of Lee. There we reached an altitude of nearly two miles and a half, striking a current of air that caused us to turn a sharp corner and take a south-easterly course. This took us over S



# WAR NEWS.

Gen. Meade receives a Gentle Hint—The Three Rebel Purge off Cape of Good Hope.

New York, 20th. The Tribune's Washington despatch says there are various signs that our army are about to assume the offensive along the whole line, and there are good grounds for the hope that the campaign soon to commence will not close until large accessions have been made to the territory under the National flag.

Gen. Grant has assumed personal command of the veteran army at Chattanooga. Gen. Meade has been assured in unmistakable tones that the army of the Potomac must find a fight, if not under his command under that of some other General.

Gen. Hancock is in a position in which he can assist either of the two great armies, and he has recently shown how effectively he can co-operate.

Gen. Foster is the man to make Richmond trouble before a rapid movement up the Peninsula.

Similar activity prevails at the points where our forces are stationed. The 25th day of the Potomac despatch of the 25th says the engineers are at work on the railroad, repairing the damage between Warrenton and Manassas Junction. In a few days cars will run as usual. There has not been any movements to day.

New York, 20th. Berk Umana, from Cape Good Hope, Aug. 25, and St. Helena, Sept. 11, arrived this morning. She had on board Capt. White and Schell, and R. White, late master and officers of bark Sna. Bride of Boston, which vessel was captured by the pirate Alabama in sight of the harbor of Fable Bay, and within gunshot of the shore. The Umana was on board as passengers, G. W. Williams and J. Eldridge, mates of the bark Anna F. Schmidt, of Boston, also captured by the pirates. The Umana left port at night, at which time the pirate Georgia was sailing at St. Simons bay. The pirates Florida and Puschel were cruising on the coast.

The pirate Alabama was said to be at or near Soudkusa Bay, superintending the disposal of the bark Sna. Bride and cargo, which were reported to have been purchased by Britons at Cape Town. A master and crew had been sent from Cape Town to take charge of the Sna. Bride.

The pirate Somers had declared publicly in Cape Town that he would hang Captain Cooper, of the Umana, for flying the stars and stripes in port while anchored near the Alabama.

Bark Long Star, of Warren, R. I., was at St. Helena with four of her crew in irons for murdering the first mate.

Portland, 20th. The ship, Mary Lizzie, Capt. Woodbury, of Cape Elizabeth, reports Saturday morning, at sunrise, about 100 miles east of Portland, saw a large barque-rigged vessel of 600 tons or six miles astern, apparently light, with painted sails. At noon he discovered that the rigging of the vessel was altered to a ship, and that she was in pursuit with no color flying. The wind being moderate the ship could not catch the schooner. About noon she put out a boat manned with about 20 men, which chased the schooner, when the wind increased and the schooner sailed away. At sunset the ship was right over the schooner's stern, steering north-west. At this time the schooner was off Mt. Desert.

From the Army of the Potomac—Shirring at the Front—Reported Proposition for a National Convention.

The Herald has the following: Army of the Potomac, Oct. 21. Heavy firing was heard at Bedlam at the extreme front. It ceased about five o'clock. The presumption is that it was another artillery and cavalry skirmish through infantry may have been.

The Herald's Washington despatch says news from the front this morning substantiate the belief that the rebels have no desire to fight on this side of the Rapidan. There have been a few brisk skirmishes between the cavalry, in which a small portion of the infantry participated, but our lines are now extended to the Rappahannock, and the army is quietly resting in its camp.

The military authorities have no information of any engagement beyond mere picket skirmishing and are convinced that there is no infantry force of the rebels on the Rappahannock, and believe that our army of the Potomac will be abundantly able to crush completely what may be left of that of Lee's whenever a general engagement can be brought on.

New York, 27th. A New York letter to the Herald mentions that a supposed rebel commissioner has arrived there to sound our people upon the propriety and feasibility of the assembling of a great National Convention at such time and place, and under such stipulations, safeguards and guarantees as may be agreed upon by special commissioners to be appointed for the purpose by both the contending parties.

Furthermore it is expressly to be understood that if such Convention should be ordered and held, and delegates from all parts of the country assembled thereat, the results of its deliberations shall be presented to the people at large in the form of a ballot unanvied by military and held to no personal responsibility for the vote they may cast, shall express themselves either in favor of or against the propositions determined upon.

Major General Peck has issued the following order: Whomsoever returning from Texas of absence are in the practice of going to the Quartermaster at New York for transportation to North Carolina, and there waiting 5, 10, and 15 days before sailing, instead of proceeding to Fortress Monroe, where frequent opportunities offer for reaching their posts, notice is hereby given that all such officers will be arrested on their arrival, and brought to trial.

Officers on leave are not entitled to transportation, and if they receive it it is a gratuity. A leave of absence commences when an officer leaves his post, and he must be at his post at the expiration of his leave.

Reports were lately in circulation in Raleigh, N. C., relative to a Union cavalry raid from East Tennessee into Yancey county in this State. The work it appears, was supposed to be performed by some Union regiments and rebel deserters, who have fled to the mountains to escape conscription and recapture.

The plantation of Col. Isaac Avery, among others, was visited and a number of negroes run off, horses captured, &c. This, probably is but the beginning of a systematic arrangement to enable the brave Union living mountaineers of North Carolina to subvert on the rebels until success shall arrive from liberated East Tennessee.

From Gen. Burnside's Department. Rebels Repulsed after Engagements—Gallant Conduct of Col. Hatch's Cavalry.

New York, 27th. A letter dated Midway, East Tenn., 10th gives an account of Gen. Burnside's march, and repulse of the rebels in two engagements that day near that town, our troops outmaneuvering on the field with the expectation of a big battle on the 11th.

A subsequent letter dated on the morning of the 11th says the fighting has not been resumed this morning yet. Our advance line of pickets reports that the rebels were falling back all night, probably to form an abatis to obstruct our progress. Our loss yesterday was very small, 75 will cover the killed and wounded. No general or staff officer is killed or wounded.

The Rebels in their retreat from the timber bore a large number by Col. Hatch's Cavalry.

rison left their dead and two of their wound on the field. We took a number of prisoners. A rebel out post of 4 men deserted in a body and came into our lines.

New York, 27th. The Tribune's Washington despatch says a mutual exchange of records of deceased prisoners has been agreed upon by the authorities of the United States and the so-called Southern Confederacy. Col. Hoffman, Commissary General of Prisoners, has received one from Richmond.

The World's Dispatch says the reports of Lee crossing the Rappahannock for the purpose of resuming offensive operations are considerably exaggerated. The rebels maintain a bold line along the Rappahannock. The skirmishing to-day was light. The World's Dispatch letter of the 18th says: Col. Hatch's Cavalry, after defeating the rebels at Collierville on the 11th, pursued and came up with them on the 11th at Ingraham's Mills. A fight of two hours ensued resulting in the rebels being driven with the loss of 50 men.

Early next morning Col. Hatch resumed the pursuit and found them at Wyatt's, on the Littlehatch, 3000 strong, with 9 pieces of artillery, sheltered by the numerous log-houses of the place. Our forces numbered 2,500 with 8 pieces of artillery. Fighting commenced at 3 P. M., and lasted until dark.

The rebels then taking advantage of the darkness succeeded in crossing the river, and many were killed by our artillery. Our loss was less than 40 killed and wounded. Rebels lost not known, though 15 dead rebels were found next morning. We captured 75 prisoners among them the rebel Chief of Artillery.

CINCINNATI, 27th. Gen. Rosecrans in a speech at the Merchants Exchange yesterday, declared his was in most enthusiastically received, and it was his firm belief that if the force recently sent to Chattanooga had been ordered there before, as they ought to have been, the back of the rebellion in this world would have been broken.

From Gen. Grant's Department—Rebel Gen. Wheeler Again at Work—From the Army of the Potomac.

Fortress Monroe, 20th. A lady, the wife of an officer, in the Southern army, recently arrived in Norfolk. She says she came from Mobile, Ala., and reports that that city was threatened by the federal troops, who were near enough when she left to watch the movements of the rebel garrison, and the city was in a panic, and she thought that the city would soon fall into our hands, as there were few available troops there, and they were resorting to desperate measures to keep up the appearance of a larger force than they really had. The women dressed up in men's clothes paraded in the outskirts of the city as soldiers, and should the city be attacked, resistance could be made by the present force.

New York, 28th. The Herald's Nashville Tenn. despatch of the 23d states that nothing of importance is transpiring. Union movements are represented in a favorable light.

The Rebel Gen. Wheeler is again about to threaten our lines of railroad. Last night a torpedo which had been placed under the track exploded, throwing a tender of the train, and killing it in passing. No one was killed or injured. During the afternoon the same train was thrown from the track between here and Lawrence.

Two days ago three regiments sent out on an expedition were eminently successful. They took some prisoners, gained important military information, and captured three cars and a locomotive. One of the prisoners evidently led in throwing cars from the track. The passengers wanted to hang him on the spot.

The Times Army of the Potomac despatch of the 27th says the rebels continue to be demoralized in our front. Yesterday, as the 6th and 9th New York cavalry was fighting out near Bedlam Station to relieve the pickets, they were opened upon by the rebels with artillery. A brisk exchange ensued, lasting several hours, our forces falling back within one mile of Germantown, upon our infantry line. There were few casualties on either side.

There are no indications of immediate advance movement. Work on the railroad is being prosecuted vigorously, the advance of the army being dependent on this fact. Gen. Meade's headquarters are still at Warrenton.

Heavy Body of Rebels Across the Rappahannock—Another Report that Meade is to be Supplanted—Meade Not Retreating.

New York, 28th. The Tribune's Washington despatch says that persons who arrived from the army to-day say that a column of rebel infantry which occupied forty minutes in passing a given point, crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station yesterday, about dark. The 5th corps were ordered to hold their line in clock if possible.

It is reported to-day that the army that our cavalry and the rebels are in force about Stafford Court House.

As an illustration of the energy of the Navy Department it may be mentioned that no sooner had news been received of the supposed presence of a suspicious craft on the coast of Maine than the vessel was ordered to have a National vessel cruise in that latitude. Some minutes since the Department, with wise discretion, sent some of our vessels of war to the Chinese seas, long before there was any piratical depredations come to hand.

New York, 28th. A prize fight for \$1000 took place yesterday and Edward Wilson took place yesterday. Wilson, a black, and a white, the defeat of Wilson. Ten rounds were fought occupying 10 minutes. This affair being over, Can Oren and Pat Warley went in and fought over two hours, the contest being evidently in favor of the latter, but the fight was broken up by the appearance of the military, who were ordered to disperse the crowd.

Last night, a supply train of 20 or 30 wagons is reported to have been captured and destroyed by the rebels.

The Herald's Washington despatch says rumors have been noted to-day that a great battle had been fought, but the reports are empty, for the reason that the Union army has not yet found anybody or anything to give it battle. So long as the issues of Chattanooga and Abington are unsettled no battle on the Potomac need be expected.

The World's Dispatch says the removal of Gen. Meade has been decided upon, and will take place as soon as the Government can settle upon a proper successor.

The rebel cavalry, supported by one division of infantry, are this side of the Rappahannock, but evidently for no offensive purposes. They hold a position between Rappahannock Station and B. V. Ford, to prevent our forces from building the railroad bridge, though a forward movement of our forces would cause their retreat.

Our army is changing its position somewhat for strategic purposes, which are improper to mention.

The steamer R. McKee from Havana 21st, has arrived.

Nothing new from Mexico.

The rebellion in San Domingo continues to grow more powerful, and covers a great extent of territory.

The gunboat Port Royal sailed from Havana on the 17th on a cruise. While in a fight with a rebel. He gave the rebel a good whipping, when the rebel was sunk on the head by a weapon in the hands of another rebel, mortally wounding him.

The authorities have arrested the murderer.

New York, 28th. A Georgia paper gives the official report of the rebel killed, wounded and missing at the battle of Chickamauga 17,999 men.

The Union, Ga. Confederate states that a result of a serious character among the blacks had been discovered, and several arrests had been made, including the Major General of the proposed negro army.

Information from the front says that Gen. Buford's cavalry division was attacked by rebel infantry near Bedlam Station, on Tuesday at noon, and was forced to fall back upon our infantry within a mile of Germantown.

It is not true that Gen. Meade's army is retreating. His headquarters had been moved through and towards Washington. Gentlemen in military circles here view our present position as highly favorable in the event that General Lee should venture to make a general attack.

New York, Oct. 27th. Four of the late crew of the Pirate Florida, who arrived here as part of the crew of a British ship yesterday, were this morning arrested by the harbor police and put into the custody of the U. S. Marshal.

CINCINNATI, 25th. A Knoxville despatch, dated the 25th inst., to the Gazette, says: The engagement to-day was a hand-to-hand affair, lasting over five hours. The rebel force is estimated at 5000. They lost in killed, wounded and prisoners over 2000. Gen. Waite recaptured his wagon train, but lost his battery. Our loss is nearly 300.

The movements in Virginia have been somewhat mysterious. We have been for weeks in doubt whether General Lee wanted to fight or wanted not to fight. His forces or at least a part of them crossed the Rappahannock and advanced as far as the old Bull Run battle field. His plan evidently was to keep us from sending more troops from the Potomac to Tennessee and to cover the removal of portions of his forces to reinforce Bragg. As soon as Meade pushed forward to make an attack Lee hastily retreated.

Burnside has forced his army through the mountains of East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia and got possession of the railroad and destroyed it for sixty or seventy miles. He has thus severed the direct line of communication between Lee's and Bragg's armies. From consulting the map it will be seen that the positions of our main armies are very much more encouraging than they were six or eight months ago when Grant was before Vicksburg, Rosecrans at Murfreesboro and Hooker before Fredericksburg. We are now all literally in a line of battle and fast nearing each other. Our armies are where they can help one another. Burnside can help Grant or Meade, and by getting rebel communication can be of incalculable assistance to both. Our armies are well commanded, and they are being reinforced from the conscripts every day. The President's late proclamation for "Three hundred thousand more," promises to fill up our ranks to the maximum before the fifth of January next.

In view of all these considerations, may we not feel sure of success? and may we not expect the where, when and how soon to be revealed? May we not expect to see the end of rebellion, very soon?

The Call for more Men.

The Adjutant General forwarded us the following circular, and as all loyal citizens are interested therein, we copy it entire:

ARRESTED, Oct. 24, 1863. Inasmuch as some few days must necessarily elapse before arrangements can be perfected for settling definitely the basis of quotas, and making the apportionment of troops required of this State, it is deemed essential that the work of volunteering should be continued, and progress with all possible celerity. The following principles are announced as governing future action in this behalf:

I. The call of the President for 300,000 Volunteers is made without regard to the deficiencies of States or localities upon Federal calls and apportionments. No computation can be made of the number of volunteers in this State, for an alleged deficiency or surplus (if any) of volunteers furnished prior to the date when the Government draft was ordered, or of men or equipments obtained under the same.

II. In apportioning the quota of this State, the present call, Col. Ezra, the Provost Marshal General of the United States, says, "this is exclusive of any deficiency you may have on present draft, or former calls, and there will be considered only in case another draft is necessary in January." If, therefore, the State fails to furnish and have mustered into the United States service, the due quota of the troops required under this call, it is possible that the draft which may be ordered in January next, will include not only the deficiency under this requisition, but also the State's deficiency, as claimed by the War Department upon former calls.

III. All voluntary enlistments made since the 1st of July are old, of troops that have been duly mustered into the United States service, whether for regiments and corps in the field, or for the Veteran Regiments now in process of enlistment and organization, constitute a portion of this State's quota of the present call, and those places which have procured such volunteers or paid into the bounty are entitled to credit for them when the quota is announced.

IV. While the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Burnside, and Maj. Gardiner, Acting Assistant Provost Marshal General, direct and control the work of recruiting, the respective municipal authorities of the various cities, towns and plantations, are earnestly requested to cooperate in this labor, so vital to the importance of the Government and themselves, until its completion. Their suggestions and recommendations touching Recruiting Officers for their vicinities, are invited and will receive most respectful consideration.

V. The Premiums and Bounties provided by the General Government and State for all volunteers and enlistments, are on a scale of such munificence, that while all who can enter the service should do so, those who from age or physical infirmity are not eligible to enlistment, may find it for their interest, as well as honor, to suspend their ordinary avocations for the work of obtaining soldiers for the Government, until the full number required from this State is furnished.

VI. Two Regiments of Infantry and one of Cavalry, to be composed almost wholly of men that have already served not less than nine months in the field and been honorably discharged, are now progressing in their enlistment and organization at Augusta. In all enlistments of new recruits or veteran soldiers, they can select, for a few weeks, to enter either of these organizations, with such State Bounties as some regiments of corps in the field with Bounties to Veterans of

Our Armies and Generals.

During the whole two years and a half of the war we have never doubted that the rebellion would be put down and the Union restored. To-day we feel sure of the triumph of our cause. Everything is tending that way. But the "where the rebel cavalry and the side" are yet unknown. Rosecrans has been removed from the command of the army at Chattanooga. Why this has been done cannot now be known. Some account for it by the fact that his health is in a very feeble condition at the present time. Some allege want of Generalship. It is presumed that authorities at Washington have a good reason. Rosecrans has been considered one of the best soldiers in the field, and admitting that there may be good cause for his removal, as long as the memory of his career since the war commenced shall last, he is likely to be so considered. The reason for the new appointments of command is no mystery. General George H. Thomas has been appointed to the immediate command of Rosecrans' army, while General Grant is to be his superior and have the command of the entire Western forces. General Thomas in the light of the battle of Chickamauga seems now to be the best man in the service. His record is clear. It is that of a man that battle or at least saved our forces from defeat. He is a prompt, brave, true man, and a great General, and no one can help rejoicing that the hero of Vicksburg is at the head of the main army of the nation. General Grant of course will use up Bragg and his army. General Hooker also commands one division of the army at Chattanooga. With Grant, Hooker and General Thomas working together the country can but feel confident of success.

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\$55; but after these three commands are filled, as they soon will be, every volunteer must of necessity be sent directly into the field.

VII. Under the Resolve of the Legislature of January 27, 1863, authorizing "the Governor and Commander-in-Chief to continue the payment of \$55 Bounty to recruits for the three years regiments or batteries of Maine Volunteers, so long as in his judgment the public exigencies require," this amount will be continued to veterans enlisted for organizations now in the field. To veterans or new recruits enlisted in the regiments now organizing, will be paid the \$100 State Bounty authorized by the act of the Legislature approved March 25, 1863.

VIII. In view of the liability of veteran soldiers to be called into service under the operation of the next draft, without State or Government Bounty, it behooves them to embrace the present unparalleled advantages offered in completing the veteran organization in the State, of entering a regiment of their choice with a State and Government Bounty of \$502, an amount sufficient to secure to any man of reasonable desires, a comfortable and permanent home for himself and family.

John L. Henshaw, Adjutant General.

Supreme Judicial Court.

Oct. Term. BARROWS J.

The Court was opened Tuesday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Officers in attendance—P. W. Perry, Clerk, Eugene Hale, County Attorney, N. Walker, Sheriff.

Members of the Bar in attendance—Hinkley, Abbott, Woodman, Tuck, Wiswell, Hale, Drinkwater, Waterhouse, Emery, Peters, Deane and Sargent.

Prayer by Rev. N. M. Williams. The Grand Jury was then empaneled. The charge of Judge Barrows was written out in full. It was an able exposition of the duties, responsibilities and province of the Grand Jury of a County. It was clear, direct and complete.

The following gentlemen compose the Jury:

GRAND JURY.

Thomas D. Jones, Foreman, Ellsworth.

Joseph B. Bradley, Backport.

James T. Clark, Tremont.

Eljah P. Emerson, Backport.

James E. Hamor, Eden.

Wm. Hutchings, Penobscot.

John P. Hinkley, Backport.

Richard A. Herriek, Brookline.

Mark P. Hatch, Castine.

Henry A. Jarvis, Trenton.

Matthew Jordan, Trenton.

Sylvester Lord, Ellsworth.

Henry Partridge, Orono.

Wm. W. Sumner, Gouldsboro.

Andrew C. Spryng, Franklin.

John Smith, Deer Isle.

James G. G. Brooks, Deer Isle.

FIRST TRAVESE JURY.

Robert Hopkins, Foreman, Surry.

Charles H. Barton, Ellsworth.

Robert Abbott, Backport.

C. E. P. Chamberlain, Ellsworth.

Rufus S. Cole, Sebec.

G. W. Collins, Deer Isle.

Henry Emerson, Castine.

John B. Gray, Ellsworth.

Wm. L. Guphill, Gouldsboro.

Vincent B. Hooker, Orono.

John Harden, Jr., Trenton.

George Littlefield, Penobscot.

SECOND TRAVESE JURY.

Harold Lord, Foreman, Brookline.

James Matthews, Sullivan.

Benjamin Nutter, Brookline.

Leonard S. O'neill, Franklin.

John L. Parker, Brookline.

John W. Perkins, Brookline.

William Reed, Jr., Mt. Desert.

Israel S. v. v. Orono.

Samuel Stratton, Hancock.

Charles H. Stetson, Deer Isle.

Wm. Torrey, Deer Isle.

Franklin C. McIntire vs. Eliza A. McIntire. Libel for divorce on grounds of desertion of wife and refusal to return to the home, provided by the husband—for more than three years. Decision not rendered. Wiswell for libel.

No. 250.—Gen. G. Bartlett vs. Judah Chace. Special action on the case for damages to plaintiff's wharf caused by attaching libel's vessel to wharf and keeping it there attached without permission, whereby said wharf was injured. Defense.—The master of the vessel, not the owners, is wholly liable, and there was no negligence on the part of the master. Wiswell for plaintiff. Abbott for defendant.

No. 251. Robert Fears & Co. vs. Sullivan Green. Assumpsit for sails, &c., furnished the defendant. Defense no such indebtedness—has paid all demands due the plaintiff. At commencement of trial, objected to the admission of certain depositions on account of their caption being deficient.—The Judge ruled that the depositions could not be admitted. Case continued.

Abbott for plaintiff. Waterhouse for defendant.

No. 250. Aaron P. Emerson & Co. vs. Thomas S. Sparks & Co. Assumpsit for cable furnished defendants, owners of schr. Amazon by plaintiffs, owners of schr. Graduate. Defense—defendants did not purchase of plaintiffs. Defendants owned the cable. On trial.

Woodman for plaintiff. Abbott for defendant.

"That Cornet Braws."—This celebrated bit tacking on of the Masses, will open his budget of comicallities at Lord's Hall, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, Nov. 11th and 12th, and the bare mention of the fact is enough to pack the houses, for Brown is the greatest comic genius of the day and draws crowded houses wherever he goes.—Miss Marsh, who assists Mr. Brown is reported to be the best female vocalist, American ever produced, and the critics of the city papers declare it to be alone worth twice the price of admission to hear her sing either the "Star Spangled Banner" or the "Red, White and Blue," both of which pieces she sings in the beautiful strains of the daughter of the regiment, and in either of which she is said to have no living equal. Among her favorite pieces we notice "Coming thro' the Rye," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and other equally popular ballads, besides several beautiful operatic selections. Go early or stand back, for seats are scarce when Brown is around.







